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Thirteenth Annual
BANQUET

Chester County Historical Society

Banquet
1917

New Century Club House
West Chester, Pennsylvania

December 13, 1917

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DR. JESSE C. GREEN, at the end of his first century

Jesse C. Green,

Thirteenth Annual Banquet
of the
Chester County Historical Society

Introduction by the Toastmaster



R. PHILLIPS: Guests and Fellow-Members of the Chester County Historical Society: We welcome you all here tonight most heartily. This is the largest attendance at any banquet that this society has had, and it is due to the fact that we are here tonight to honor the foremost and most distinguished citizen of West Chester, Dr. Jesse C. Green. Every one here is proud of his county, and we are proud of it chiefly because of such lives as that which has been lived by this distinguished man at my right tonight. It is such lives as his that have made the history of this county something to be proud of.

I have not presided at any meeting of this Society in which it has been so easy to find persons who were willing to speak. They wanted to speak about the life and career of this man. As a matter of fact, I have not asked a single person to speak tonight who has not gladly consented to appear and to speak, not one; and I am first going to ask a distinguished member of Dr. Green's profession to speak tonight, Dr. Darby, of Philadelphia. He and Dr. Green graduated from the same class at the same time, from the Dental College of Philadelphia, and like our Dr. Green is one of the most distinguished members of his profession in this state and the United States.

I have great pleasure in calling upon Dr. Darby.

Remarks of Dr. Edwin T. Darby



R. TOASTMASER, Guests and Fellow Participants in this unusual and happy occasion: Some years ago Elbert Hubbard, who went down with the *Lusitania*, was making a lecture tour through the West, and it chanced that he was obliged to wait for a few hours in Omaha in order to connect with the train on which he wished to go further West. He said that as he stepped out of the train he saw a beautiful station, very much in architectural design like a Grecian temple. As he stepped into the large and spacious waiting room and took his seat, he heard a train pull in, and presently there walked in from the platform a woman from the humbler walks of life, carrying a large bag in her hand and two small children hanging to her skirts. She took a seat in the station not far from him, and he noticed that she looked care-worn and perturbed. Presently he saw a woman come through a door leading into the waiting room. She had on a white cap and a white apron, and she went to this woman and said a word to her and went out. Presently she returned with two pillows and a coverlet. She beckoned to the woman, and she went and laid down on a settee in one corner of the room, and was covered up, and the woman with the white apron and the white cap went out of the room again, and presently returned with two glasses of milk and a cup of tea and handed them to the woman and her children. He said, "The thing was so unlike anything that I had ever seen in the East, that I pinched myself to see if I were really alive." And since I have been sitting here tonight, and considered that it is many years since I have looked forward to this event—I say many years, some years—to this event, and now that I am sitting at the table with a man a hundred years old, I feel like pinching myself to see if I am really alive.

It is such an unusual occasion. I do not remember to have ever seen any one who had talked with a person a hundred years old until now. In the summer, in the August of 1895, I drove into West Chester with a friend from Maryland, let me say from that

town which is known as a Green, where so many people go to get married. Elkton. I drove into Elkton with Dr. Bing, later of Paris, and he said, "I want to take you up into Chester County to see my old preceptor, Dr. McClellan, of Cochranville." We called on Dr. McClellan, and then he said to me, "Now I want you to go with me to West Chester to call upon Dr. Jesse Green," and he said, "He is a man that you will be glad to meet." So in August, 1865, or fifty-two years ago, I first met Dr. Green. To show you what a memory he has, a year ago today I spent part of the afternoon with him and I said, "Doctor, we have known each other a good many years." He said, "Yes, I first met thee in 1865. Thee and Dr. Bing called upon me in the summer of 1865." "Yes," I said, "you are right."

But I can tell you another instance where his memory was equally good. In 1870 Dr. Green and myself were appointed by the State Society of Pennsylvania examiners for candidates for their license from the State of Pennsylvania. It was our duty on occasion to go to Pittsburgh or to sit in Philadelphia or elsewhere and examine candidates for their licenses. On one occasion we went to Pittsburgh, and we spent a day or two or more there. When we returned we were convinced that we had been to the dirtiest city in the world, and it took us some days to get that dirt off of us. We occasionally referred to our trip to Pittsburgh and the dirt we encountered there, but I don't think any details of that visit were mentioned. More than forty years after that I sat at dinner with him one night and he said, "Doctor Darby, does thee remember that trip we made to Pittsburgh?" I said, "Yes." "Well," he said, "does thee remember a foreigner, a Russian I think he was, whom we examined, and none of us could ask him a question that he could not answer?" I said, "I do remember that there was a very bright man, a foreigner, there." "Well," he said, "does thee remember that he didn't have \$30 to pay for his license?" I remembered that because I was treasurer of the Board, and two or three weeks afterward he came to West Chester and paid his \$30 and took his license. So a memory like that is something.

When your president wrote me asking me if I would speak on this occasion, I replied that I would, and he said he would like me to say something about dentistry in 1817 and 1917, but he said, "I

hope the most of your remarks will be upon Dr. Green." That reminded me of a story that I once heard of a man, a good country deacon, who took a check for a large sum of money to a bank to be cashed. He handed it in and the cashier said to him, "What denomination will you have?" "Well," he said, "I will take some Methodist and some Presbyterian, but I will take the hest of it in hard-shell Baptists." (Laughter.) Dr. Phillips wants me to devote the most of my time to Dr. Green, and I am not going to take very much of your time. Perhaps I can not make better use of the time I have than to devote it to Dr. Green. However, I will say this, to comply with the promise. When Dr. Green began life dentistry was not a profession. It was far from it. If I may go back a few years earlier, during or up to the time of the Revolutionary War, there was but one dentist in America. Robert Wolfendale came to this country in 1765, and remained here two years and went back to England. The next dentist that anything was known of in this country was a man by the name of LeMair, who came over from the French Army and was quartered during the war at Providence, Rhode Island. While there he taught Josiah Flagg, a young man of 18 or 20, what he knew of dentistry, and Dr. Flagg located in Boston soon after the war was over and continued there until the time of his death. The next following LeMair—I was going to say Dr. Hudson, but there was one who antedated him. However, when LeMair came to this country, it was during the War of the Revolution. After the revolution was over he continued to practice for a short time, as did Dr. Flagg, his pupil, in Boston. But soon after that came Gardette, to Philadelphia. Dr. Green I think will remember the elder Gardette as well as the son, who were in practice up to perhaps 1835 or thereabouts. It was not until 1839 that it could be said of dentistry that it was a profession, because no calling is a profession until it has a literature of its own and until it has schools for the education of its students. There were no such schools, there was no literature, to the time that Dr. Green was born. In 1839 the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery was founded, and then such men as are very familiar to Dr. Green who were concerned in that were Henry H. Hagen and Chapin A. Harris, and such men as Gardette, of Philadelphia, both the elder and the younger, and Dr. Robert Arthur, of Baltimore, and men of that

type. But the man with whom Dr. Green was probably the most familiar, or whom he met in the early associations, were men like Chapin A. Harris, like Jehiel and Elisha Palmer, of Syracuse, John B. Rich, of New York. All of those men were contemporary with Dr. Green, but Dr. Green has outlived them all. Dr. John Rich came nearer to attaining the age to which Dr. Green has attained than any of those whom I have mentioned. In fact I have never known a dentist who has reached the age of one hundred. Dr. Gordon Palmer came very near it. I wrote Dr. Green a year or two ago saying, "I have just eat a clipping from the 'Dental Journal' which I enclose, stating that Dr. Palmer is the oldest dentist in the world. I know that this is not true. You antedate him by at least two years I think." I sent this clipping and in a few days I received a beautiful letter from him, beautifully written I mean -- in which he said, "The editor or the author of this clipping you sent me is wrong. I was born in 1817. Mr. Palmer was born in 1820." He antedated him by nearly three years.

But now to get back to Dr. Green himself. As I say, I have known Dr. Green for more than fifty years. He was good enough when I was a very young man, and I was starting in Philadelphia, to let me come to his home, and Mrs. Darby and I often spent Sunday with him at his own house here in West Chester. His children were living at his home then. One of the things that impressed me at that time, and impresses me now, is that he was a man of great industry. He was everlastingly at work. If he was not at work in his profession, he was at work on something equally interesting to him and equally important to others. He kept the weather record. With great diligence and punctuality he made these records. I remember that three times a day he would take the wind gauge, the water fall, the condition of the thermometer and barometer, note it down in his book, and at the end of the month that report went to Washington.

But that was not half that he did. He was collecting all the time, and he probably has today one of the best collections of Continental money extant. He has one of the greatest collections of "shin plasters" that were issued during the Civil War. He has in addition to that fractional currency of almost every kind and every degree, besides bank notes, state notes and the like. In fact, there

is hardly a thing of interest that he has not gathered together, and autographs and letters innumerable. Some of the happiest hours I have ever spent with him were spent with him in a place that you ladies of the audience probably never saw, and that was his work shop, a work shop where he did almost everything, from the making of a fishing tackle or fishing rod to a microscope; and he made with his own hands two or three most beautiful microscopes, copied after the best instruments made by the great Joseph Zentmayer, of Philadelphia. They were not amateur work. It was the work of a skilled mechanic, and I have no doubt those will go down perhaps with this very Society as illustrations of his manual skill.

But furthermore, in that shop of his he could show you the history of dentistry, from almost the earliest period, I think, beginning as he did, before there were dental schools, beginning as he did before there was anything but a preceptor, who would give you just so much for so much money and no more. He would tell you just how little he could for so much money and that was all. Today dentistry professes to be a liberal profession. We give everything we know for nothing. We tell all we know and sometimes we tell a lot more than we know, and give it to people for nothing. Dr. Green had a preceptor, I suppose, but the most that he did and the most that he has done during his life has been reached and worked out of his own brain. Away back in the early years of his own practice he took the kaolin and feldspar and the silice from the quarry, ground it into powder, carved his own teeth, and baked them in the oven, enameled them, re-baked them, and riveted them to the gold and silver plates, and those teeth—I have no doubt there are scores and scores or thousands of them buried with those who wear them (laughter and applause). That was dental art, that was dental skill, and Dr. Green possessed that in a wonderful degree.

One moment more. When I came to see more. When I came to see Dr. Green in 1865, he was just about as busy a man as I ever saw. His office, his waiting room, was filled with patients. Most of them I judge belonged to the Society of Friends, because his practice was made up largely of those sweet-faced old ladies that I saw in his office. When I say old ladies, I mean ladies of all ages. His office was filled with them. He was flying back and forth from his operating room to his laboratory or work shop, and he went

back and forth like a flash of lightning from one to the other, and after a little he had time to come and say to me, "Now just wait a few minutes, I want to see you. Wait a few minutes and I will give you all the time there is." We waited and in due course of time we had a lovely conversation with him, and then our friendship began. I say to you, fellow friends of his, those of you that have lived with him for many, many years, know that his character is beyond reproach; that he is a genial, gentlemanly, lovely character. And may I say to you (turning to Dr. Green), my honorable friend, my dear old friend of fifty years, that my one hope now is that you may live to see many returns of this glorious day. May God be with you and keep you, and may you be a blessing to us as you have been a blessing to all who have known you. (Prolonged applause.)

DR. PHILIPS: The members of our Society feel that no occasion like this is complete without our having a suitable poem from our friend and fellow-countian, Professor John Russell Hayes, and I am sure that he has something good for us tonight.

Remarks of Prof. John Russell Hayes



PROFESSOR HAYES: Mr. Toastmaster, Dr. Green and Friends: I remember, forty or more years ago, when I was a boy, I used to think of certainly what seemed to me venerable gentlemen as the types of the gentlemen of the old school, of which Dr. Green is the oldest living example,—Addison May and Washington Townsend and Franklin Pyle and Joseph J. Lewis and Dr. Green. You know children look upon middle age as very venerable, and I thought of Dr. Green and his friends as rather ancient gentlemen then. But now that I am in middle life myself, comparatively speaking, he seems to me more youthful than he seemed to the wondering eyes of childhood.

Our Grand Old Man

Some men resemble comets in their flight,—

They flame a while, then vanish from the sight,

Not so our centuried friend; in him we find

The long career that crowns the tranquil mind.

The full ripe years of joy and peace that bless

His ordered life of calm and quietness,

And his serene philosophy that teaches

As fine a faith as many a pulpit preaches.

The Quaker virtues which he learned in youth

Have yielded him their beauty and their truth;

Serenity and wisdom, as we know,

And strong good sense, have filled to overflow—

Through decade after decade in its flight—

His classic head so canny and so white.

O for the health like his that can defy

The pleasant pains of terrapin and pie,

That laughs at doctors, and that gives such sleep

As every morning brings thanksgiving deep!

Rugged and ripe and ruddy, still he cares

About his daily tasks, his little cares,

With bonhomie and buoyancy that tell

Of sunny seasons wisely spent and well.

Sunny!—I think it is the very word
For this Old Boy as bonnie as a bird!
Our sunny-hearted friend, of sunny life,
Knows not the clouds of foolish hate and strife,
Sunshine and cheer and love have had their part
In keeping warm his ever-youthful heart.
And were all men as wise and just as he,
I know that woeful war could never be.

O, would such words were mine that I might say
How much we love and honor him today!
This crowded room, these thronging friends, but tell
How all the land this night is wishing well
To him, the sunny-hearted and serene,
Our Grand Old Man,—our well-loved
JESSE GREEN.

JOHN RUSSELL HAYES.

DR. PHILLIPS: Our next speaker has been a resident of this county only fifteen or sixteen years, and he is therefore still only a probationer. But we have all learned that when we want to know something of the history of Chester County, or of anywhere else for that matter, we cannot get it better or more interestingly than from Professor Burnham, and we are very glad to have him with us tonight.

Remarks of Prof. Smith Burnham



R. TOASTMASTER, DR. GREEN, Ladies and Gentlemen: Dr. Phillips has very well said that modesty ought to require an adopted son of this county to remain quietly seated on an evening like this. It has not been my good fortune to know Dr. Green personally very much, and yet I have lived in Chester County, and in this borough of West Chester, long enough to appreciate and to feel something of that honor and respect which we all bring him tonight. Dr. Phillips, when he asked me to speak, said that I should briefly contrast or describe the age in which Dr. Green appeared upon the scene of life, and our present time. That is a pretty big job, to attempt to describe the West Chester of today and the Chester County of today and the world of today compared with the world, so different from the one we now know, upon which this grand old man appeared a hundred years ago. And yet it seemed to me that if I were to attempt it at all, for the sake of historical accuracy I ought at least to back up my statements with documentary proof, and so I have a couple of documents here that I would like to introduce in evidence. I believe, Judge Hause, that is the way to do it in court?

JUDGE HAUSE: Entirely proper.

PROFESSOR BURNHAM: This one, ladies and gentlemen, (unfolding paper) as a picture of the community of West Chester on the thirteenth day of December, 1917. It is today's copy of the *Local News*. I introduce it in lieu of any attempt to describe this borough at the present time, because if you would know what West Chester is, who the people are who live in West Chester, what they do and the things they don't do, read the *Local News*. Moreover, you will get, beyond that, the news of the world. That is one of the striking contrasts between now and a hundred years ago. I notice in the paper of this afternoon late news of Copenhagen and Stockholm and Rome. You know how long it took to get news from those

places when Doctor Green was a boy? Not on the same day, I want to assure you. And then there is every other phase of life,—society and politics and business, and the "What They Say" column, said to be the most read part of the paper. I simply submit this, stopping in passing to say that I have never seen in the United States a local paper in a town of this size that can compare in real merit with the *Local Notes*.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I would like to introduce No. 2. This is a picture of the West Chester of a hundred years ago. I could not get one for the exact day, the 13th of December, 1817, because they only published a newspaper once a week. But this is the local paper of West Chester, *The Chester and Delaware County Federalist* for Wednesday, December 17th, 1817, the week corresponding with this week, and the week in which our good old friend made his bow upon this mundane sphere. Here, then, it is a very different world that you have pictured in this paper. In the first place, there isn't a word of what we will call news in it. There are seven columns of the sixteen columns devoted to advertising real estate for sale. Evidently Chester County is a better place than it was in 1817. Most of the folks seem to have been trying to sell out and move away from here, and I notice that a number of those who advertise their property for sale add that they are proposing to sell because they want to go to the western country. You see that is where the good folks all went in those days. Some of them came back. There was a reason for all this advertising of land for sale. Times were very hard in 1817, for the war of 1812 had been hitting this country where it lived then.

Furthermore, the western country was just then developing. The State of Illinois is one year younger than Dr. Green. The State of Indiana is one year older than he is. The State of Mississippi was born the same year that he was, and there were two or three other states that came into the Union within two or three years of the time of his birth. It was just the time when the East was overflowing into the West,—that great migratory movement which followed the War of 1812.

There are many other interesting things in this paper. Things for sale—it doesn't altogether compare with the sort of stuff that the American Stores Company puts into the paper today. I notice

that the fact that goods are imported seems to be the main thing. "Ships just arrived with Irish linens and skins and coatings and flannels." After giving a long list of goods of this sort, the advertisement winds up by saying: "We also have in stock queen-ware, groceries, medicines, hardware, drugs and paints,"—a combination you probably wouldn't find in any store in West Chester at the present time.

There are some other differences between that time and now suggested by this paper. I don't remember ever having seen the complete text of the message of the Governor of Pennsylvania in the *Local News*. It may be possible. The complete text of the message of Governor Snyder in in this paper, three solid columns of it. But President Monroe, who was sending his first message to Congress in this same month, gets two lines: "The leading Federal prints speak of the President's message in terms of high approbation." That message had been sent in about two weeks before that two-line statement appeared in the local paper in West Chester in those days. More land for sale on page 3; not a single personal item in the whole paper, beyond the two line statement or two and a half lines, that "Mrs. Isabella Philips, of this borough, has just died in an advanced year of her age, after a long and painful illness." That is the only item of news there is in the whole paper.

Our friends a hundred years ago had one thing on the *Local News*. This is a far more literary journal than the *Local News*. One fourth of the whole paper is devoted to literature, the real thing. Half a column is devoted to a local poet. He doesn't choose to sign his name. Nearly two columns of an essay on the subject of slavery, or rather anti-slavery. Even at that early time this good old Chester County stood for the freedom of the slaves. The local paper a hundred years ago was running a novelized version of the "The Merchant of Venice" as a continued story. It has a few anecdotes about George Whitefield, and then—remember that this was just after the War of 1812—it has this interesting news item from Washington City, with some local comment:

"November 20th." That is the news from Washington City of November 20th appears in the West Chester paper of December 17th. That shows something of how the news traveled. This is the item quoted:

"Mr. Inledon was received last night by a fashionable and overflowing audience. His merits were acknowledged by universal shouts of applause from every quarter of the house. Though somewhat impeded in the execution of the final notes from the effect of a slight cold which he contracted in coming from Baltimore (where his voice is reported to have been in the best order) yet his performance was truly gratifying."

The art critics of West Chester in those days comments on that subject in the following words:

"The subjoined paragraph is of too momentous and interesting a nature to pass over without special notice. What a pity that Mr. Inledon should have been so unfortunate as to have taken cold! How unfortunate for the good people of Washington, but how charming must have been his voice at Baltimore when it was in the 'best order.' He had better get a certificate of it. O, exquisite! Phillips in New York, Inledon in Philadelphia, Tweedledum in the North, Tweedledee in the South, both just imported. How is plain Brother Jonathan bewitched with the follies of John Bull?"

That is a picture of the community a hundred years ago, and I have no doubt it is a fairly accurate picture of what they thought and talked about in those days. It is a faint picture of West Chester. You cannot furnish contemporary evidences of all the differences, but possibly tradition might be called into service. Doctor William Darlington was responsible, I think, for the statement that in the West Chester of those days, when the winter came on, the ladies all hibernated until the frost was well out of the ground in the next spring. We have beautiful evidence here tonight that all that sort of thing has passed away so far as West Chester is concerned.

It was a wonderful world into which our old friend was born back in 1817. It is very ancient history, from our point of view, most of it forgotten,—just two years after Napoleon Bonaparte had fallen from power. He was living on that little Rock Island down in the South Atlantic. It was just two years before Andrew Jackson won his famous victory on the field of New Orleans. Dr. Green was six years old when the Monroe Doctrine was born. There were nineteen states in the Union instead of forty-eight, when he entered the Union. The European world had just come out of

a way of a quarter of a century. The United States had just passed through the War of 1812. We had hardly anything like the industrial system that we know to-day. In fact, the first high tariff law was passed the year before Dr. Green was born. We were just beginning to build up American manufactures, which had been stimulated by the high-tariff law of 1816.

However, you don't want to hear me talk ancient history very long. Let me just suggest very briefly three or four great changes that this good man has seen come over this world of ours in the last hundred years. I suspect that the changes in his life time, in all the fundamental ways of living and thinking, are greater than the changes of five hundred years before that time.

In the first place, the most significant of all for the life we all live, he has lived through the time that we know as the industrial revolution. He was born into a world of household industries. There was hardly anywhere in this country in those days what we would call a factory in the modern sense of the word. He came into a world where probably 90 per cent. of all the people lived in country homes. He is today in a country where, by the census of 1910, a little more than 30 per cent. of the people listed in gainful occupations make a living in agriculture and not more than 50 per cent. of the people live in what you might call rural conditions. That is a wonderful change in itself, due to the changes in industry, the outgrowth of invention, the development of power. There was not in the United States a mile of railroad or a locomotive. The first successful steamboat had been in operation about eight years when Dr. Green was born, and if we come down through the years, McCormick and Hoe and Goodyear and Morse and Field and Edison, and all the other great inventors who have given us the machinery that lightens labor and transforms industry, were doing their work. This man is a contemporary of all the men I have mentioned. So he has seen our modern industrial world come to be what it is today.

But after all, there have been other great changes. Perhaps the most significant political change in the last hundred years has been the growth of democracy. We were starting here in America, in his boyhood, an experiment, an experiment, thirty or forty years of age at that time, an experiment in democratic self-government,

which had hardly touched the rest of the world. The downfall of Napoleon in 1815 meant a reaction in favor of absolutism probably everywhere in Europe. And so the life span of this man, our honored guest here tonight, covers that period of time when the seed of democracy, planted down there in Independence Hall in Philadelphia, in the immortal statement in the opening paragraphs of the Declaration of Independence, has been scattered broadcast, has taken root in the fertile soil of the love of liberty in the hearts of the people in the countries of the world, and has given us the great boon of self-governing nations that are leagued together at this hour to make the last great fight to make democracy safe everywhere. (Applause.)

He has seen the making of the American nation, for the nineteen little States of 1817 were not a nation. Men did not think of it in that way. In those days men used to resign from the United States Senate to become members of their State Legislature. Who would think of doing anything of that sort now? The emphasis was on the state. The state was the important thing. But during the last hundred years the country has been welded together by common interests, a common past, tied together by ropes of steel and iron, by its great rivers, arteries of steamboats, welded together physically in the awful flame of the war which saved the Union and made the country free from the curse of slavery, and following that the wonderful development of nationality of the last fifty years. We sometimes hear the voice of criticism in regard to the lack of unity in America today. I want to say to you, my friends, and I speak as one who has studied something of the history of the United States, that while we may criticize, there never was an hour in its history, certainly never at the opening of any of its historic wars, when the American people were so united, so possessed of a solidarity of thought and purpose, as they are today. (Applause.) That united solidarity, that sense of nationality, is a growth. It did not come all at once, and this man, our guest, has seen that. He has been a part of it. He has lived through it.

May I mention before I close one other thing? He has seen one of the most remarkable contributions to the intellectual life of the world, the intellectual growth of the last hundred years has been quite as remarkable as its industrial or political growth. In the

field of literature he is the contemporary of Emerson and of Hawthorne, and of Lowell and of Poe and of Washington Irving. He is a contemporary of Tennyson and of Browning, of Victor Hugo and of Tolstoi. The great men whose names make glorious the pages of literature in the last hundred years are his contemporaries. And then what a list might be given of those who in the field of science have given us the modern conception of life, the Darwins and the Wallaces and the Spencers and the Huxleys, and the more recent great names who have given us anti-septic surgery, who have developed the germ theory of disease and who have given us all these recent inventions which have made our world the progressive world that it is today!

It is a great thing to have seen this, and as we have heard tonight, to have been no small part in the development of this great forward movement of civilization, with its amelioration of human suffering, with its philanthropy and its humanitarianism, with its finer spiritual nature, when we compare it with the world in which we lived a hundred years ago.

And I must not stop without saying one word more, that this wonderful century through which our friend has lived, this wonderful new century in which he enters tomorrow morning and in which we hope he will live for a long time and see a great deal more of this progress, begins at a time when all that has been meant in a hundred years of democracy and liberty and hope for a better day, is engaged in a bitter conflict with the last great enemies in all the world to these things that made the nineteenth century's growth glorious. May it be his good fortune to live to see the ultimate triumph, as he has seen the growth of all that America has stood for since the time of her foundation. (Applause.)

DOCTOR PHILLIPS: We are glad to see come into our meeting tonight a former citizen and indeed a native of West Chester and Chester County, who is temporarily living outside of the county. But I am sure he is coming back here; he wants to live to be a centenarian, too.—Dr. Speakman, of Swarthmore. I know he has something good for us tonight.

Remarks of Dr. W. W. Speakman



AM sure that is disappointing to you, as it is unexpected to me. If Doctor Phillips asked me to say anything, he spoke in a very low voice, for I have never heard it before. I don't get a chance to mingle with governors and college presidents every day, so I am going to take that opportunity tonight.

Mr. Toastmaster, Honored Guest of the Evening and Ladies and Gentlemen. I have known Dr. Green for many years, ever since he was a young man (daughter), ever since he was a young man of sixty years old, and I have watched his growth and his development, and I have seen him ripen into maturity, but whether I will ever see him ripen into an old man is very doubtful. But I am sure tonight that I feel it enough honor and enough privilege to have received an invitation, without the special privilege and distinction of having been asked to participate in this most wonderful occasion. I am sure, now that I have removed myself from the audience, that it is a very handsome audience. You look like a beautiful bouquet, you fair women and you handsome men, and it seems very appropriate to me that at the head of this beautiful bouquet should be the century plant. (Applause and Laughter.) A century plant which is all green. (Laughter and Applause.) And a century plant which tonight is in full bloom.

I have noticed tonight that very few of the ladies have been asked to speak, and I do not want to usurp the office of the Toastmaster, but I hope that I will be here long enough to hear some of the ladies tonight speak. It is not hard to get the ladies on their feet. A friend of mine, a minister, (I have some friends in that profession) said that one evening as he was about to conduct his services a gentleman approached him very hurriedly, and very much agitated, and wanted to get married. The minister said, "Well, now, my friend, we are just about to commence the services and there is no time to marry you. The congregation is here, but if you and your young lady will take a seat in the congregation I will give you an opportunity a little later in the service to come forward." So they took a seat in the audience, and after a while the minister said, "Here endeth the reading of the first lesson. If there

are any present who would like to be joined in the holy bonds of matrimony, they may now come forward." He said seventeen women and one man got up. (Laughter.) So you see after all the man had his pick. He came in with one and had the opportunity of choosing from seventeen.

I am not going to prolong the evening. I generally make my best speech out of what has preceded me. To-night I don't feel at my best. I had two youthful heroes when I was a boy and lived in West Chester. One was Benny Bidle, the ice cream man, who used to start them aching, and then Dr. Green, the man who fixed them. I have many things in common with Dr. Green, because lately I often feel a hundred years old, which he is, and it seems to me that he only feels the age that I am.

Oh, the years that are jotted with unlighted gold;
Are the years that have kept thee from e'er growing old;
For the rose in the cheek is as blooming as I went,
As on December 13, 1817, seventeen.

Thy eye is undimmed, and undimmed is thy mirth;
Thou hast smiled through all this life from the day of thy birth;
Thy mind is unclouded, and thy step is as light,
Good digestion still follows a grand appetite.


And many a molar thee pulled, and pulled fast;
Thou pulled one for me, in eighteen-sixty-nine.
Thy brow is unfurrowed, no wrinkles are seen;
Thou has changed not a wit, since 1817.

So here's a good health to our guest of to-night;
May the future to follow be radiant and bright;
May friends and may friendships be riches untold,
To hold thee and keep thee from e'er growing old.

(Prolonged Applause.)

Doctor Phillips: I don't need to tell any one here that we are honored tonight in having with us a man who a few years ago held the highest position that the people of Pennsylvania can give to any man, and I know you will all agree with me when I say that no man who ever was Governor of this State was more honored and more highly esteemed than Governor Smith. He has done us a great honor in being with us tonight, and I have great pleasure in introducing him to you.

Remarks of Governor Stuart

 R. CHAIRMAN, DR. GREEN, and Ladies and Gentlemen: I really did not come tonight to make any speech or any address, and if I had, I would feel less like making one than I ever did in my life after listening to the gentlemen who have just spoken. But I come here upon an invitation sent me by the President of your Society to be present at this hundredth anniversary of the birth of Doctor Green, whom I have known ever since my boyhood. He first came into my life when I was a lad, and I had the honor of waiting upon him, and wrapping up goods for him and delivering them at this railroad station for him. I am here tonight not as a former Governor of Pennsylvania or anything of that kind, but simply as a citizen of Pennsylvania to show my high regard and affection for the distinguished guest of the evening, tonight.

Every time I get on my feet I feel a good deal like the man in the story told of the toastmaster who was waiting for a long while, before he introduced the speaker of the evening, and at last, very nervously, he turned to him and said, "Will I introduce you now or let them enjoy themselves a little while longer?" (Laughter.) That always comes to me, particularly when I approach an audience such as I see before me tonight.

But I do want to say, and say it most earnestly and sincerely that, after a friendship and acquaintance of very nearly fifty years with Doctor Green—he has seen me grow from boyhood to manhood, and I have known him continuously from that time to this—that it is not so much to me his great success in his profession, the great love and affection that everybody in West Chester and everybody that knows him has for him, but to my mind his whole life is such an incentive to every young man who will study it and who wants to grow up to be not only a good man but a good citizen. It is the greatest incentive in the world for them to be that kind of a man. It is not the great industries of the state, it is not the railroads and everything of that kind, all necessary and essential; but after all, the most important thing to develop in this and any other state, and in the country, is good men and good citizens, and in that respect with good citizens and good men, the country is safe.

I was asking Doctor Green while I was sitting here to give me some little receipts and so forth, because I thought I would like to live long myself if I could, and he told me some of the things. I was reminded of a little story that I heard Mr. Davidson, the head of the Red Cross War Board, tell before I came here to your little gathering. He was speaking of the great work done by the great men of many races to help him in the work of this war. Somebody said to him, "Mr. Davidson, you must worry a great deal." "No," he said. "That reminds me of a story. I remember a man who told me he didn't worry at all. He hired somebody who did the worrying for him. He was asked, 'How do you mean that?' He said, 'I engage a man and pay him a big salary to do the worrying for me.' 'How is that?' 'I have engaged so and so, and I have agreed to pay him \$400 a month in order that he may do all the worrying.' I said, 'That is remarkable. You can't afford to pay a man \$400 a month to do that or anything else.' 'Well,' he said, 'that is the first worrying he does. That is the first worryment he will have.'" (Laughter.)

Now, my friends, I just wish to thank the Society for the honor and privilege of being here, and as referred to a few moments ago, Dr. Green has lived all through this hundred years, and today he is living perhaps in the most critical period in the history of this country. If you had heard the story today of the great work done by the Red Cross, the American Red Cross, you would be glad and proud to think that you were Americans and American citizens, and probably when the history of this great catastrophe is written the brightest chapter in that history will be the work done by the women of America in this great world-wide war. Theirs is the sorrow when war spreads its terrors. Have you ever sat at a railroad station and seen the troops go off at this time? I have. Have you seen the mother walk up with her boy, the wife walk with her husband, the sister walk up with her brother? And there is not a tear, not a tear until after they have turned away, all giving them willingly as a great sacrifice for you and for me, in order that this great country may be preserved for the future, for those who come after us. (Prolonged Applause.)

DOCTOR PHILLIPS: We must not delay this meeting much longer tonight. We have had before our Society during its quarter of a century many honored guests, but, my friends, we have had none I am sure who is so generally esteemed and so highly deservedly honored as our chief guest of the evening; and now, before we separate, I am going to introduce to you Doctor Jesse C. Green, the honored guest of the evening, on his one hundredth birthday.

Remarks of Dr Jesse C. Green



ENTLEMEN: I am glad to see you all, but I don't know where I am. I seem to have been completely engulfed, and I don't know hardly what point to get out at. I have spoken to this Society in reference to some past things years ago, and it won't do to repeat them lest you think I have but one idea.

As I sat there I have thought of old Doctor Darlington. He lived just in this neighborhood. It was the only house that was here, and we boys at school thought he was a wonderful man because he could speak French. We didn't have anything of that kind at that time, and as my friend was spelling about Baltimore, I remember having gone there in 1824, when it was all woods on the north side of it and a great morass on the front. When I returned I hadn't been there for forty years, and I saw a man that was watching us. At that time when we went there first there was a good deal of thieving going on, and I said to this man, "When I was here last that was a woods, that was a morass." "Sure, sir, your memory is very good." That was the answer I got.

There are so many things that crowd into my mind, but I thought I might just say one thing or two that will be of some advantage to this association. I remember very well when Judge Luthey was writing the History of Chester County, he wrote to me to know what time the moon rose on the 20th of September, 1777. (Laughter.) He said that Tradition has said that it was a stormy night." I turned to my almanac of 1777 and there I found the moon rose at 8.23. It was fall on the 17th, and he wrote me back, "Now, that has settled the question that has bothered historians

ever since." So you see there is some advantage even in old almanacs, and some of us old men may be some use, we don't know. I have almanacs from 1740 up to the present time, for every year, and I am frequently spoken to to know just what happened, and so forth.

And again, one of my friends here has spoken about the great West. I heard my grandfather say when I was a boy that one of his uncles went up and bought all the land where Downingtown stands. That is not as far West as the place my friend alludes to, but his father said to him, "Go and throw it up. Who would ever want to go as far west as Downingtown? Nobody would be fool enough to go out there. That is no place to go at all." I often think of what my grandfather told me in reference to the Revolution. He, together with my other grandfather, was present at the time of the Battle of Chadli's Ford, and they were on the south bank. That is where Rocky Hill was in that day, and an officer came to him and said, "You better go home." They were then in their twentieth year, which was a very important year, for we all know a good many things about that time. He said to them, "You better go home." My grandfather said they didn't go, but after a while there was a ball went right along in front of them. He said they went home then. He told me the people went in the cellars to avoid the balls, and every horse he had was taken except one, and that belonged to his mother. They couldn't catch her. She would go over the fences. Horses would do that in that time as well as today.

And so it goes. These are just a few things I believe I didn't tell before, and I don't care to go over them all and tell so many things. I am very much satisfied and pleased, and ought to be from what has been said, and I feel that I have said all that would be advisable tonight. Good night. (Prolonged Applause.)

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Letters of Regret

DOCTOR PHILLIPS: Before we separate I want to read two or three brief letters which I have received in connection with this occasion. Before I read the letters, let me read a telegram which just came from Long Branch, New Jersey, addressed to Mr. Stubbs, the Treasurer of the Society. It is from Mrs. Uriah H. Painter, of you all know. She says:

"It is impossible for Mrs. Cunningham (her daughter) and myself to be present this evening at the banquet. We regret it exceedingly, and please congratulate most heartily Doctor Jesse Green for us on his one-hundredth birthday, and the Historical Society in having been able to have had him with them so long."

A. L. PAINTER."

I have just two or three letters. I haven't tried to have many. Here is one which will interest the people of West Chester and those of us who live here, to know that we have a fellow-citizen who is now nearly a hundred and five years old, Mrs. Anna Elizabeth Phipps Hastings, in excellent health, but unable to come out at night now. She has sent the following letter declining regretfully our invitation to be here tonight:

"West Chester, Pa., December 7, 1917.

Dr. Phillips:—To you and the members of the Historical Society which you represent I send most hearty greetings. Be assured that the invitation to grace your banquet as an honored guest is deeply appreciated, especially in celebrating Doctor Green's centenary anniversary. It would give me great pleasure to sit at your festive board, but notwithstanding I am only a little less than five years Dr. Green's senior, I have limitations, and attending evening banquets is one of them. To Dr. Green I send sincere congratulations, with the hope that if he desires it, he may outstrip me in the game of life.

Yours very truly,

ANN ELIZA PHIPPS HASTINGS."

This is a letter from the Governor of Pennsylvania. It is addressed directly to Dr. Green, but sent to me to be given to him tonight:

Executive Mansion, Harrisburg, Pa., Nov. 23, 1917.

Dear Dr. Green:— I have learned that the Historical Society will on December 13th tender you a testimonial banquet on the occasion of your century anniversary. I have been asked to attend, but only imperative engagements prevent my coming.

I wish to join your other friends in sincere congratulations to you I pray God to bless you and grant you great peace and content in your golden years. The Lord has been good to you, and you have been loyal to Him and His cause, which is the cause of all true citizens.

That your continuing years may be rich in all things He loves to bestow upon those that love Him, is my earnest wish, and my fervent prayer.

Very truly yours,

M. G. BRUMBAUGH."

Nearly three years ago, many of the people here tonight will remember, I am sure, that former President Taft was in West Chester as a guest of the town and a lecturer here. At a little reception given him at the close of the lecture he met Doctor Green and was very much interested in him. He had, I think, never seen any one as old as Doctor Green, who was then in his ninety-eighth year, whose faculties and mind were so bright and keen as his were; and when he had gone back to his home in New Haven he wrote a letter back to West Chester, and among other things he asked particularly to know how his dear old century plant, Doctor Green, was. So we wrote to former President Taft and asked him to be here tonight, and he has sent the following letter, which, with the other letters, I will hand over to Doctor Green at the close of our exercises:

"New Haven, Conn., November 27th, 1917.

My Dear Dr. Phillips:— I am very sorry not to be able to accept the invitation of the Historical Society to attend its annual banquet on December 13th, in honor of Dr. Jesse Green's 100th birthday. Few are permitted to live as long as Dr. Green, and to retain their faculties as completely as he. He is young because he interests himself in every activity, and is a most useful and upright citizen. I hope that Dr. Green may live many more years. It is an inspira-

tion to know and see one who stands as high in the estimation of his fellowmen as does Dr. Green, and who by simple living, and restraint from self-indulgence, has rounded a century. I was present to him my warm congratulations and very best wishes.

Sincerely yours,

WM. H. TULL.

We come to the close, my friends, of what I am sure we all agree has been a most interesting and successful occasion. The Society has held many of these banquets, but none so well attended, and none, it seems to me, quite so successful and interesting as this one has been. I want to thank the Committee which arranged the banquet tonight on behalf of the Society. I want to thank the ladies of the New Century Club for the splendid care they have taken of us, and I hope they will all join with me tonight in wishing Dr. Green upon the new century that is before him years of happy, successful life and his progress will be our happiness, for he lives to make others happy. And now we are closing our evening, and I bid you all good-night.

{ William Green, b. 12-18-1791, d. 4-19-1881, in 90th yr., son of Jesse and Edith (Thatcher) Green
 { Phebe Hatton, b. 6-25-1797, d. 4-15-1896, in 99th yr., daughter of Peter and Phebe (Main) Hatton
 married 3-5-1817, at Concord Meeting. Parents of Jesse C. Green.

Phebe Malin, b. 11-1-1762, d. 7-28-1847, in 85th yr.; m. 4-3-1783, Peter Hatton 2d, b. 2-19-1757; d. 4-16-1827, in 81st yr.

Phebe Bowman, m. 3-28-1754, Gideon Malin,

b. 1734, d. 1810, 76th yr.

{ Jacob Malin
 b. 1686
 d. 1727 a 41
 married
 1710
 { Hannah Jones
 b. 1698,
 in Derbyshire
 married
 { Hannah Taylor

{ m. 4-16-1715
 at Concord Meeting
 { Sarah Dicks

{ Joseph Pyle
 b. 1693
 d. 1754, a 62

Sarah Pyle, m. Oct. 13, 1751, Peter Hatton, Jr.,
 b. 1724, d. 1794, aged 83

{ Peter Hatton, Jr.
 b. 1684
 d. 1758, a 74
 from Cheshire
 1711.
 m. 1-15-1718,
 at Concord Meeting
 { Hannah Yearsley
 b. 1693

{ John Yearsley
 d. 1708
 from Cheshire, 1700
 Elizabeth
 d. 1728

{ Robert Pyle
 b. 1660 d. 1750
 m. 9-16-1681,
 in Wiltshire, England
 { Ann Stoy

{ Nicholas Pyle
 b. 1625, d. 1660
 m. 1656
 { Edith Masquart

{ William Stoy

{ Peter Dicks
 d. 1704

{ James Dicks

{ m. 1681
 { Esther Muldock
 b. 1661

{ Nathan Maddies
 { Alice

{ Randal Malin
 from
 Great Barrow
 Cheshire
 First wife
 { Elizabeth
 d. 1687

{ David Jones
 of Whitland
 d. in 1710

{ Henry Bowman
 b. 1698,
 in Derbyshire
 married
 { Cornelius Bowman
 of Derbyshire
 married
 { Ann Taylor
 { Henry Bowman
 d. 1714
 married
 { Alice Stubbs

MATERIAL ANCESTRY

From a Registry of some Early Arrivals in Pennsylvania:

The Ship Delaware, from Bristol in Old England, John Moore Commander, Arrived here the 11th of the 5 month 1686:

Thomas Greene, husbandman, Margaret, his wife,; Thomas and John, their sons; Mary Guest, his servant, for 7 years to come from the third day of May 1686.

Richard Moore, Brickmaker, & Mary his wife, and children, Mary & John.

Sarah Searle his servant for 4 years to come from the 3rd of May, 1686.

Henry Guest, sawyer, and Mary his wife, & Henry his son.

From other sources it appears that the wife of Richard Moore was the daughter of Thomas Green.

In that day many unmarried women came as servants with friends and relatives in order to obtain the 50 acres of land which William Penn had promised to servants.

An old deed, brought from England, now in possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, shows that in 1672 some land in Birmingham, England, was conveyed by Joan, widow of John Guest, to her son George Guest, afterward of Philadelphia, and that it was adjoining land of Thomas Greene; but whether the last named was the settler in Pennsylvania is not known.

GILBERT COPE.

